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A BURIED SECRET.

Even in the kindly shadows of the gathering twilight, she looked older than he, this woman of rare grace and matchless charms, whose eyes rested so worshipfully on the face of the man who had thrown himself on the cushion at her feet—older than the years themselves would warrant, for she, Sydney Reed, was in reality but six years George Winston's senior. But six years leave their impress when their way lies over burning plow shares.

There were lines upon the lovely face, and a sadness in the beautiful eyes, no time unaided could have wrought. She passed her hand now, half bewilderingly, across her brow.

'Is sorrow for me really at an end?' she murmured. 'I can not grasp it!'

'At an end forever, darling, if my strength avails anything to keep it from your door, for tonight you belong for the last time to yourself. To-morrow you belong to me!' answered the young confident voice.

He was but 23, this boy. She was 28, and a widow. Her married life had been one of unutterable wretchedness. Four years before her husband deserted her. Two years later she had learned of his death, which had taken place in a drunken brawl in a far western city.

She had put on the outward badge of mourning in memory of the days when he, handsome and reckless, had smiled away her girl's heart. She buried in his unseen grave her weight of woe, and with all his faults. She thought too, that she had long buried youth and happiness, but three months since they had resurrected themselves, listening to George Winston's pleading words and loving prayer, she found resistance had failed her, and so granted him the boon he asked of her.

And to-morrow was to be her second wedding day. Fondly and hopefully he painted to her the coming years, each moment of which should be to her a recompense for past misery. She said little. It was such joy to hear his voice, to feel his touch, to creep into the shelter of his love and rest there, grateful and content.

It was 10 o'clock when she bade him good-night. She still felt the tender pressure of his lips upon her as she mounted the stairs to her room. She had made him leave her this early because some of her preparations were yet to be made for to-morrow, and she had promised him to retire before midnight—though her waking dreams, she said, were so much sweeter than any slumber might bestow, she hardly thought the exchange a fair one.

There were some letters she wanted to look over—some to be destroyed, others to be preserved. Among these latter were a few he had written her, during a short absence, a month previous.

She took out the first from its wrapper to re-read, but had not

turned the page when there came a low rap at the door.

'Come in!' she replied, half impatiently, without looking up.

She had given orders to her servants not to be disturbed. She had told Maria, her maid, to come to her at midnight. It was not yet half-past ten.

The door opened at her summons, but no one entered or spoke.

'Well, Maria, what is it?' she questioned, and slowly raising her eyes to find—no Maria, no servant, but a man's form, gaunt and haggard, darkening the threshold—a man's eyes, hot and burning, fixed upon her face.

She sat carved into stone. It was pitiful to see the blood recede from her face, leaving it white and drawn. If three hours previously she had looked older than her lover, ten years were now added to her age.

Her lover? No longer had she a right to the sweet title, for he whose gaze held hers was her living husband—the man whom for two years she had mourned as dead.

He came forward at last, closing the door behind him, and advancing with feeble, tottering steps toward her.

'Speak to me!' he said. 'Give me one word of welcome, one word of forgiveness!'

She opened her lips, but no sound came.

'I—I know,' he went on. 'You need not tell me. You were to have been married. It would have been a crime. But for this, I would not have come. I would have let you give credence to my death. Oh, Sydney, will you believe me when I swear to you that, both for your sake and my own, I wish to God I were!'

The utter misery of his tone brought her own desolate anguish more fully before her. With a low cry she buried her face in her hands. The letter she held fell from them. Still she heard her husband speaking as though from afar off.

'Courage, Sydney!' he said. 'You will only need patience, dear. Look at me! It is not hard to see that I am a doomed man. I have never recovered from the wound I received in the affray in which they reported me to have been killed. Dissipation helped the work along, though since that night, Sidney, no drop of liquor has touched my lips. When a man stands so close to death that he recognizes his icy breath, he sees things with a new clearness. During my long and desperate illness, I thought of you with a longing you can never dream of, but I dared not send for you. I felt that all my right was forfeited. Nor will I trouble you now. When I am dead you shall learn of your freedom. Until that time you will hear of or from me never again.'

He stooped as he finished. She knew that he lifted up the material of her dress and pressed it a moment to his lips.

Slowly and falteringly he again crossed the room. His hand was on the knob of the door when she broke the spell that bound her, and rose up to her feet.

'Stay, Harold!' she said. 'Your place is here. It was you who deserted me. You shall not say that I deserted you.'

He staggered against the wall. 'Oh, my God!' he cried, 'is this an angel or a woman who thus speaks to me?'

'It is no angel,' she answered, 'only a woman, striving to do her duty so plainly marked before her.'

But the strength which had upheld him in his hopeless now failed him. With a great cry he cast himself down at her feet, striving

in vain to catch the sobs which so cruelly rent him.

Very gently she soothed him. She had no time to realize her own misery until, at last, she left him, quiet and sleeping, in a room beneath her feet.

How the night had passed she never knew. With locked hands clasped before her she sat watching the dawn break, conscious of neither heat nor cold, of day nor darkness, until at 9 o'clock her maid brought her a cup of coffee to her door. The servants had been apprised of the master's return the night before. She took the coffee and drank it.

'When Mr. Winston comes,' she said, 'admit him yourself, Maria, and bring him immediately here to me.'

An hour later her door opened. 'Not dressed, my darling!' cried a happy voice. 'Sidney, in God's name what has happened?'

With marvelous strength and calm she told him all. He listened silently until she had quite finished, and then, with one bound, he had gathered her to his arms.

'What is this man to you, that he should take you from me? You are mine—mine! I never will forego my claim!'

At the old tender masterfulness of his tones, her womanhood reasserted itself. She bowed her head upon his breast and burst into a passion of sobs.

'My love—my own!' he whispered, 'this is but a chimera of the darkness. Our wedding day has dawned—you are mine! Oh, my darling come to me!'

But now she lifted up her face.

'He is my husband, George,' she said. 'My duty lies with him. Now leave me. I can bear no more. You, who have always said you loved best in me my womanhood, my purity—you would not tempt me to sin! No, dear. Leave me and forget me. You are young—you have but to look for happiness and find it.'

'No, Sidney, I can not resist your words; you bid me go, and I obey you. But first love, I exact a promise, when you are free send me word. I will leave an address where a letter will always reach me. I must put the ocean between us—I could not stay here and prove obedient else; but, my own, I never will renounce my claim—and be it one year or ten, or twenty, one line will bring me to your side, to leave it never again.'

Then, with a thousand mad kisses, he sealed the promise he had exacted, and went out from her, believing earth held no such a wretched man as he.

Five years had passed—five years to Sydney Reed of faithful, devoted duty—five years during which her love and care alone fostered the feeble spark of life in Harold Reed's remorseful heart, and then he laid the heavy burden down, and, with his last words murmurs of grateful love and blessing, the tired eyes closed, shutting out forevermore the vision which all these years had been their light and gladness.

She had had no word from George all this time. He had kept his promise faithfully. For a year longer she, too, would be silent, and then—ah, then she would send for him. Once more she would look into his face—once more listen to his voice.

They might be friends only, but would friendship e'er before have been so sweet? The love she long repressed as sin still held sway. It had burst its fetters and had renewed its strength. When the time came for her to write the letter she knew not how to word it, though every day for months she had fancied the hour when she should pen it. But at last she

wrote these simple words:

'Come to me, George. You will not have forgotten me, and I—I have lived but to remember.'

SYDNEY REED.

These she sealed and addressed to the address he had given her, and sank back in her chair to dream awhile, ere touching her bell and ordering it posted.

A happy smile played upon her lips. The future so long closed to her, again opened its gates of promise and feasted her hungry gaze.

Idly she took up a paper at her hand holding it before her eyes as a screen from the fire, when her attention was arrested by a name, the name which was inscribed on the envelope whose ink was scarcely yet dry.

It was a printed description of George Winston's marriage to the young and beautiful heiress of one of England's noblemen. The marriage had taken place in London a fortnight before.

Once, twice, thrice she read it through, and then, very quietly reaching forth, she took up the letter she had written, pressed it an instant to her white, quivering lips, and, falling upon her knees, dropped it in the flames.

As the fire darted upward she laughed aloud in the strange stillness. Others would have seen but the light the paper gave, but she saw more—it was the funeral pyre of a broken heart.—*Virginia Star.*

OUR NEW YORK LETTER

From our Regular Correspondent.

NEW YORK, May 27, '82.

General Grant's superbly finished residence in 66th Street, of which he is so proud, is in jeopardy from the attack of an aged negro woman, who claims the ground on which it is built. There is a flaw in the title to the deed, and it is said to worry the General very much, as he believed that he was settled for life. Grant begins to loom up as an owner of vast horses. He only cares for trotting stock, and wouldn't give a fig for a running horse. It is a common sight to see him, late in the afternoon, skimming up the road in a little feather-weight wagon, putting a new horse through his paces or extending the legs of an old favorite. He looks very little like an ex-President then. He wears a rusty old ulster and a hat drawn down over his eyes, and he sits like a round-shouldered old horseman. He has no longer the military bearing by which he was once distinguished, and is rather shabby in the matter of dress. His time is spent with financial men altogether now. He goes down to Wall Street early in the morning and remains till the tick of the bell. He is so much engrossed in money-making that he has refused an invitation for Newport, and will spend the summer at his son Ulysses S. Grant's place in Westchester county, so that he can reach the elevated railroad and get down to his beloved Wall Street at an early hour. Col. Fred. Grant is also coming out as a heavy financier, and U. S. G., Jr., is doing some very considerable money-making in a quiet but persistent way. It is not all improbable that the Grant family will rank among the wealthy ones of New York in twenty years or less.

Senator Fair, of Nevada, who is on a brief visit to this city, regards the passage of the new Chinese bill as the forerunner of renewed prosperity for California and the Pacific coast States. He did not think that the beneficial results of this great measure would be immediately perceptible, he said to-

day to your correspondent in commenting on this subject, but he was confident that it would be felt in the near future, when the Mongolian population on the coast began to thin out by emigration to Massachusetts and other Eastern States, and when the stream from Asia is stopped, as it will be within a few months. Then the Chinamen who remained would be compelled to compete with white labor in towns vastly different from those which now prevail, and the change would be greatly to the advantage of the natives. The Senator said it was not true, as reported, that Mr. Mackay, his partner, contemplates making New York his future home, and that he will build a city residence here that will eclipse that of Mr. Vanderbilt's. On the contrary, Mr. Mackay would continue to reside in California, where all his pecuniary interests are. The Senator is accompanied to this city by his family, who will leave for San Francisco during the latter part of the week.

The case of Gen. Curtis, ex-special treasury agent, who has been on trial for the past few days in New York for receiving money from office-holders for political purposes, was concluded yesterday by the jury bringing in a verdict finding the accused guilty on the first and eight counts, and not guilty on the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, ninth, tenth and eleventh counts of the indictment. Counsel for defense gave notice of motion in arrest of judgment, and the 2nd of June was fixed for argument of the motion. The first count recites that the accused, as a government employe, received money from Peter Oogel-sang, also a government employe, for the Republican State Committee, and the eight count charges a like accusation.

Society receptions next winter will be very brilliant. The European custom of introducing eminent artists into the social world failed this year, but it will undoubtedly succeed next winter, as two society leaders, Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Frederick Stevens, have announced their intention of having Madame Patti in their houses. Her price for two solos in an evening reception will be \$5,000, if Col. Mapleson's word is to be relied upon. The reason the thing was not done this season was because the pondish spasm that society suffered at the old intimacy between Madame Patti and Nicolini. Of course a married woman who lives with another woman's husband throws herself open as it were to the glamor of delicate suspicion, but I can't see now, and never could see why it should affect her artistically. The Bombardt, for instance, was unmercifully sat down upon because of a few tangible indiscretions in the way of children of hazy male parentage, but she acted superbly just the same. Many ladies here intended when they learned of Madame Patti's arrival to have her sing at their houses, cost what it would, but the aforesaid spasm of purity got such a firm grip upon society people that every plan was abandoned. It is assured that she will be heard next season, however. If Abbey succeeds in bringing Nillson over next season, which is extremely doubtful, by the way, she will be heard first at Mr. Gould's. This is not because Jay Gould has more money than any one else, but because he is backing Mr. Abbey in his schemes to secure Nillson. Mr. Gould's object is plain. He has not been able to get into society in spite of his enormous wealth heretofore, and he hopes by the brilliant expedient of securing the great prima donna's services exclusively, to compel society people to visit his house. Of course it could ever get society people in his house his path will be easy, as no one could refuse to invite him after he had entertained them.

AUGUST.